

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

KILLARNEY

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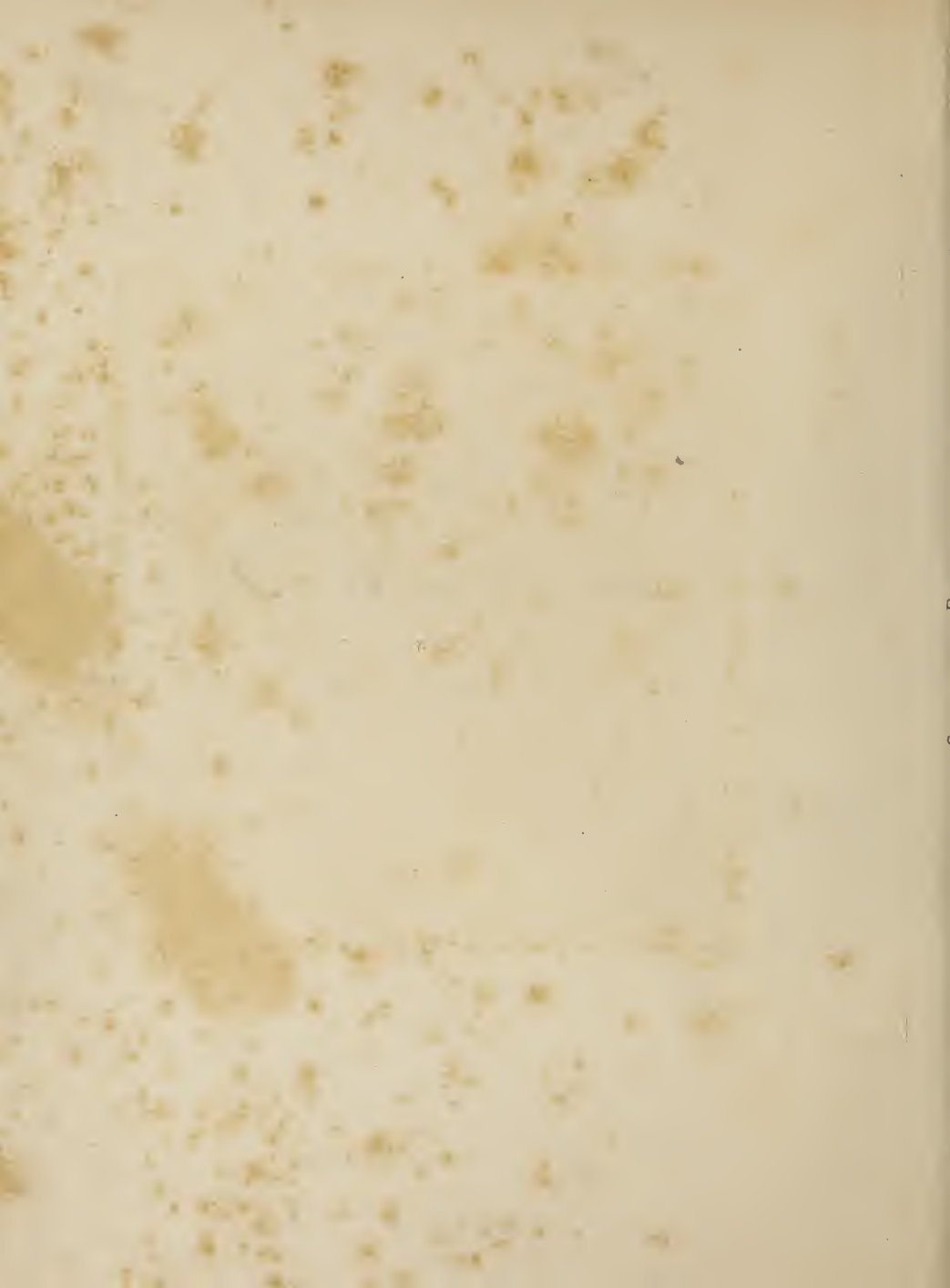
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ca. 1857

Annie E. Kelt
from her Father
Christmas 1877







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THE EAGLE'S NEST MOUNTAIN.





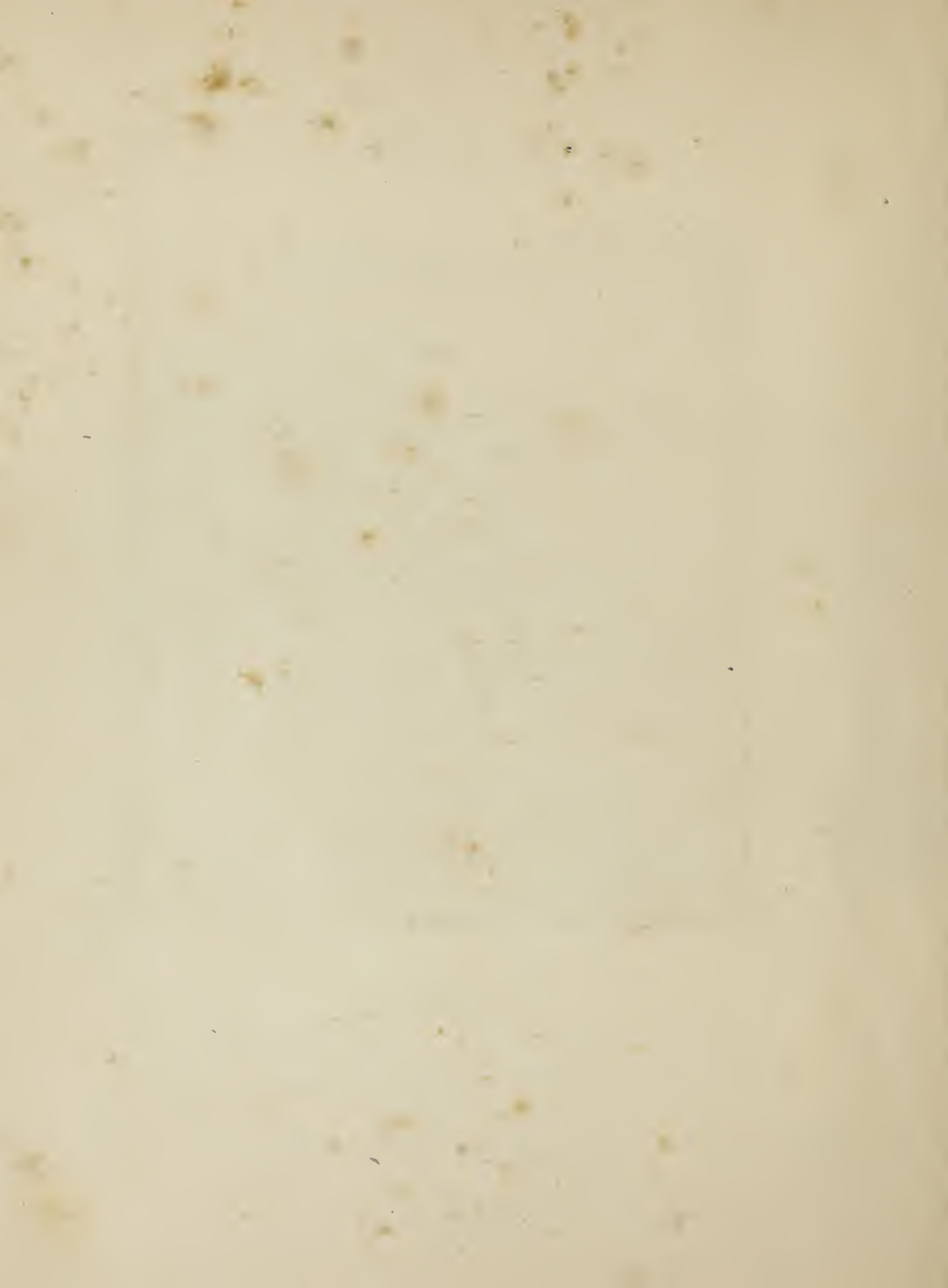
PHOTOGRAPHS
OF
KILLARNEY

WITH
DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS.

“Land of strange contrasts! This bright spot
Is blessed with beauty, such as mermaid's grot,
Or Dryad's haunt in legends of old Rome,
Or more poetic Greece invested not.
Italian colours in the airs that come
Fresh from the free Atlantic bathe the tops
Of purple mountains, as the head-cloud drops
On Carran Tual's throne, while greenest hues,
With glorious show, the raptured soul confuse.”

GLASGOW
ANDREW DUTHIE, 56 GORDON STREET
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.
DUBLIN: W. H. SMITH & SON.







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INTRODUCTION.

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THE charms of Killarney consist in the varied graces of foliage, the grandeur of encompassing mountains, the number of green and rocky islands, the singular, fantastic character of the island rocks, the delicate elegance of the shore, the perpetual occurrence of bays, and in the wonderful variety produced by the combination of these, which, together, give to the scenery a character inconceivably fascinating; such as the pen and pencil are utterly incompetent to describe. This variety of Landscape and Scenery makes Killarney stand alone in its attractions; and the changes of sky and cloud, sunshine and shadow, alter the picture from day to day, so that the views seen to-day differ from the same spots seen to-morrow, while all the riches of foliage and colour are seen in endless combination.

"In this tract
How long so'er the wanderer roves, each step
Shall wake fresh beauties, each short point present
A different picture, new, and yet the same."

The stranger will find in these Views of Killarney an introduction to its beauties; for the Photographer holds his sheet for Nature to write herself upon it, and thus the active eye may realise the scenes before they have been visited, and may be led to view them; while the Tourists to Killarney will find in these Pictures a means of recalling the pleasure derived from personal study of these and other scenes of beauty in their immediate neighbourhood.





THE UPPER LAKE.

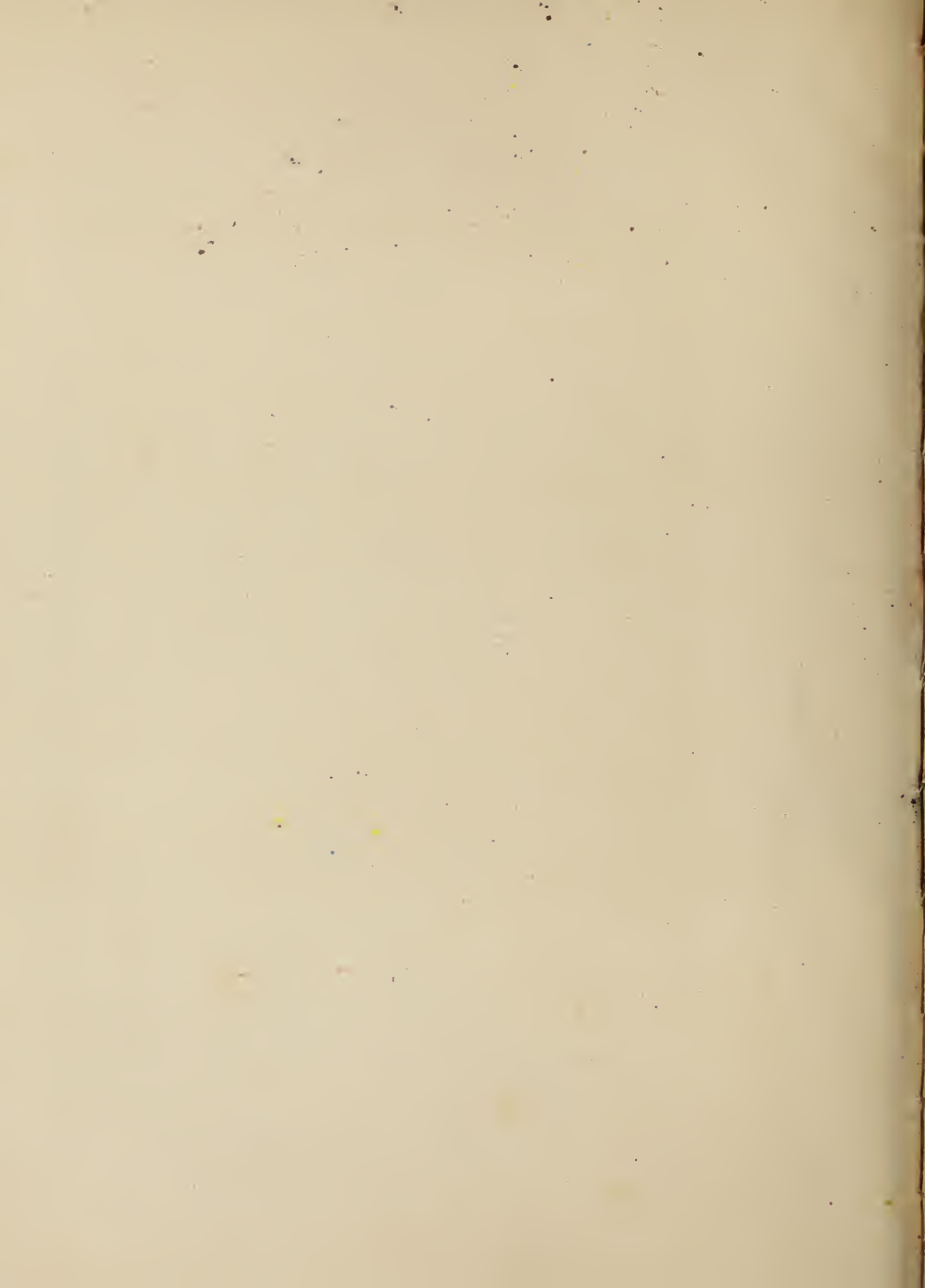


THE UPPER LAKE.



THE wild grandeur of the Upper Lake strikes the observer on first beholding it with feelings of awe and admiration. Perfectly distinct in the character of its romantic scenery from that of the Tore and Lower Lake, it combines many of the softer beauties of wood and water with all the stern sublimity of mountain scenery in a surpassing degree—every variety of landscape that can delight the eye or gratify the imagination. Embosomed amidst majestic mountains, whose fantastic summits seem to pierce the sky, the Lake appears to be land-locked. On the south side lie the Derri-cunnebeg Mountain ranges; and on the left the lofty Reeks, the Purple Mountains, and the Gap of Dunloe are seen in the distance. This mountain cineture imparts to the Upper Lake an air of solitary beauty and intensity of interest not to be found to the same extent in either of the other Lakes. Nature here sits in lonely and silent grandeur amidst her primeval mountains; solitude, stillness the most profound, rest upon the woody shores and the tranquil Lake, filling and overpowering the mind with a deep sense of the perfect seclusion of the scene. At various points bright mountain streams may be seen pouring down the glens and deep ravines—now leaping from rock to rock, and flashing like living silver in the broad sunlight; now glittering in the shade of the dark foliage, till they are lost in the shining waters of the broad Lake. A number of islets, of the most picturesque form, are scattered over its surface; some masses of naked rock, others, on the contrary, redundant of vegetation, producing trees, shrubs, and plants in the wildest profusion.





LEGEND OF THE CROCK OF GOLD.

TIM CURTIN was a farmer, and lived in Esknamucky Glen. Tim was rich; but his greatest treasure was his daughter Peggy. But, although he was both rich and fond, he was miserly, and had made up his mind that Peggy should marry none but a wealthy man, and so he drove away Tom Sullivan, a decent lad, but poor, on whom the girl had set her heart. At last an old man with plenty of money offered to marry her, and, when he had arranged her dowry with her father, Peggy was told about it. When she heard the news she was nigh broken-hearted, and bade a little gorsoon run and tell Tom to come and meet her at the Oak Island. Tom was sad and sorry when he saw his Peggy with her bright eyes dimmed with tears; but he was sadder and sorrier when she spoke. "Oh, Tom," says she, "we must part, for my father has made a match for me!" "Part, is it, jewel?" said Tom, "Don't spake av it, or you'll break my heart entirely;" and then, looking down into the water, he added in his sorrow, "O'Donoghue, won't you help a poor boy? sure you've riches and to spare below the water—but speakin's no use, you can't hear me."

Meanwhile the old man had found out Peggy's whereabouts and hurried after her in a rage; but just as he got to the middle of the wood he was stopped by the sight of an immense crock of gold. To know the place again he tied the spansel he had in his hand round a tree hard by and ran for help, but when he came back every tree in the wood had a spansel round it, and many a day he spent looking for it. Every day Tom grew richer, and, when Tim Curtin gave up his search, Tom was a wealthy man. So Peggy and he were married, and they say that the reason Tom had grown so wealthy was because O'Donoghue showed him where to find the crock of gold.







TORC OR MIDDLE LAKE.

TORC OR MIDDLE LAKE.

TORC, or, as it is sometimes called, the Middle Lake, is bounded on the north by the peninsula of Muckcross, and on the south by Tore, a beautiful conical hill, standing out in bold relief to the loftier outlines of Mangerton. Tore Lake, which is reached after passing through the channel from the Upper Lake, is not at the first glance so attractive as either of the other lakes; but if the traveller does not coast round it, he will lose much. It has numerous tiny bays and coves beautiful in form, and offering to the eye of the painter the most exquisite combination of colour, arising from the union of rock and foliage, and from the infinite variety of ferns, lichens, and mosses that overspread its banks. Considering the height—2,756 feet above the level of the sea, and 2,691 above the lake—Mangerton is very easy of ascent. In going up, we pass Drumrourke hill, from whence the best view of the Lower Lake and the scenery immediately connected with it is obtained. From this level the Lake scenery collectively is seen in by far the best points of view, and here we have the advantage of the magnificent sylvan foreground of Muckcross. From the summit of Mangerton a splendid view is obtained in addition to the Lakes and all the mountains and country lying immediately around. There the unaided eye can readily embrace on the south the estuary of the Kenmare river, insinuating itself among the lower hills which lie around it and stretch from the base of Mangerton to the ocean; westward, Castlemaine Bay and the great extent of intervening hilly country stretching afar summit over summit; northward, the eye ranges over a vast tract of unreclaimed country; and eastward is exhibited that high chain of mountains which extends from Killarney to Mallow.



LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S ISLAND.

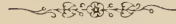
THE monks of Innisfallen and Muckross must have had a hard battle to fight, for in addition to subduing the world and the flesh, they seem to have had to contend against the devil *in propria persona*. His Satanic Majesty appears to have made the kingdom of Kerry his head-quarters in their day, and to have contested the ground inch by inch. "The Devil's Punchbowl," "the Devil's Glen," and "the Devil's Island," still remain to testify to the fact of his presence and the duration of his reign. But the good cause prevailed in the end. The monks of Muckross were more than usually zealous against him, perhaps because of the unkindly part he played at the building of their Abbey. But whether this was the reason or not, they were ever at war with him, and had for the most part the best of the fight. At last, when they had made the neighbourhood too hot even for him, and he could get no peace because of their continual exorcisms, the archfiend determined to have a quiet resting-place beyond their reach. He accordingly marched down to the shore in a rage, and having torn a huge piece out of it, flung it into the lake. For a time his scheme answered well, and from his improvised vantage-ground he sorely harassed the inhabitants of the abbey. At length, however, they completely mastered him, and by cross, and bell, and book, drove him out of the country. The island is called "the Devil's Island" to this day.





THE LOWER LAKE.

THE LOWER LAKE.



THE Lower and Middle Lakes are, strictly speaking, one sheet of water. They are bounded on the south by Torc Mountains, which are backed by Mangerton; on the west by the Tomies and Glens (undefined divisions of the Purple Mountains); and on the east and north by flat shores, adorned with the seats and villas which constitute the environs of Killarney. Ross Castle is the principal place of embarkation on the Lower Lake.

The Lower Lake is five miles in length, and three in greatest width; and of the thirty islands with which the bosom of the Lower Lake is studded, and which have all received names, there are only four or five worthy of any consideration, except as accessories to the splendid picture which nature here spreads before us. Ross Island, in extent, claims superiority, but in beauty it cannot compare with

“——— Innisfallen, of the islands queen.”

Ross Island contains 158 acres, and forms part of the beautiful demesne of Earl Kenmare, from which it is separated by a narrow stream, crossed by a bridge. Close to it is the principal harbour of the Lower Lake.

The character of the whole scenery of the Lower Lake is totally different from that of the Middle and Upper Lakes; it is distinguished for its elegance and beauty, being shaded with rocks and islands covered with a variety of evergreens. The Upper Lake, on the contrary, is remarkable for its wild sublimity and grandeur; while the Middle Lake combines, in a great degree, the characteristics of the other two.

LEGEND OF O'DONOGHUE.

IN ages long bygone a chieftain named O'Donoghue ruled the land around the Lake of Killarney. He was warlike, wise, and good, and under his sway the people lived happily. His end was strange and mysterious. Having gathered together the most noteworthy and illustrious of his subjects to a great banquet, he proceeded with prophetic tongue to unveil the future, and then slowly rising, walked to the water's edge. Onward he passed, and the yielding waves seemed like adamant beneath his feet. Pausing, at length, at the middle of the lake, he waved a farewell with his hand, and disappeared beneath the surface.

His memory is fondly cherished by the peasantry, and it is believed that he sometimes revisits his former kingdom, and that great good fortune attends any chance witness of his return.

He last appeared on a bright May morning, as the sun was touching the top of Glena. The surface of the lake was placid. Suddenly its eastern waters became violently agitated. A huge wave rose and rolled swiftly across the lake towards Toomies. In its wake followed the stately O'Donoghue, mounted on a snow-white charger. Behind him came a countless train of young men and maidens, united by rosy garlands, and gliding over the waters to the strains of ravishing music. On they came until the western shore was nearly reached, when, suddenly changing his course, the chief rode past the wood-skirted shore of Glena, and entering the narrow strait between Glena and Dinis, the gorgeous procession disappeared in the mists which girt the mountain side and hung over the face of the waters, and the music melted away in the distance.





OLD WEIR BRIDGE.



OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

OLD WEIR BRIDGE is an antiquated structure of two arches, only one of which affords a passage for boats, which are carried by the current with great swiftness without an effort of the rowers. In descending the stream during flood, and shooting through the bridge, coolness and dexterity are no less requisite than vigour and perseverance were during the ascent.

The most interesting object connected with this portion of the Killarney scenery is the Eagle's Nest, a high, prominent, pyramidal rock, rising upwards of 1,000 feet above the river, and which stands about midway between Dinis Island and the Upper Lake. Taken in connexion with the surrounding mountains, the rock is not a very striking object, but when viewed from the water, where it is seen from its base to the summit, its height and form are calculated to excite our wonder and admiration; its base is covered with wood, and shrubs appear scattered along it up to the very apex of the pyramid. It is from this rock that the loud reverberating echoes are awakened in so remarkable a manner. It was formerly a frequent practice with parties to bring a small cannon to fire off from the bank on the opposite side of the river; now they are generally content with the sounds produced with the bugle. Our imagination endues the mountains with life; and to their attributes of magnitude and silence and solitude, we for a moment add the power of listening, and a voice. Between the Eagle's Nest and Coleman's Leap a succession of picturesque rocks and little craggy promontories are passed, and the sail is otherwise rendered interesting by the change of scenery produced by every fresh winding of the river.



LEGEND OF THE EAGLE'S NEST.

THE boatmen tell that the Eagle's Nest was in truth the eyrie of a fine brood of eagles. Many a time were projects set on foot to carry off the eaglets, but no one ever had the hardihood to put these projects into execution until a soldier, who had seen service in "furrin parts," swore that he would rob the nest. As it takes two to make a bargain, the old eagle swore as firmly that he would not. The valiant son of Mars waited until he imagined that the parent eagle had gone on a foraging expedition, and then, having procured a strong rope, lowered himself safely down to the eyrie. As he was congratulating himself on having secured his prize out popped the mother bird from behind a cloud. "Good morning, sir," said she, quite civilly. "Good morning, ma'am," replied the soldier, his knees trembling with fright. "May I ask what brought you to see my fine family before breakfast-time?" continued the old lady. "Certainly, ma'am," answered he of the sword; "I came to see if any of them had toothache; for I brought home a great cure for it from beyond the sea." You lie, you thieving blackguard!" screamed the eagle; "you came to rob my nest. But I'll ask the opinion of a neighbour of mine," added she; and with that she cried—"Did he come to rob the eagle's nest?" Of course the echo replied—"To rob the eagle's nest." "Do you hear that?" said the bird, and at the same time gave him a blow between the eyes with her beak, which hurled him headlong into the lake. A passing boatman fished him out; but neither he nor any of his descendants ever again attempted to rob an eagle's nest.

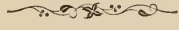




MEETING OF THE WATERS.





MEETING OF THE WATERS.



A LITTLE below Old Weir bridge is a sequestered spot of great beauty, called the "Meeting of the Waters." Here the river, which carries along the surplus waters of the Upper Lake, divides before it terminates its course: one of the branches flows peacefully into the Bay of Glena, in the Lower Lake; the other, forcing itself through a rocky channel, issues with considerable impetuosity into the Middle Lake under the woods of Dinis Island.

The Island of Dinis affords a greater diversity of prospect than any place of the same extent on the confines of Killarney. On passing round its shores, Tore Lake, the Bay of Glena, and the rapid river from the Upper Lake, rushing in a torrent under Old Weir Bridge, successively open to view. The tumultuous motion of the stream amongst the rocks and its roaring sounds, echoed through the woods of the Island, add to the wild charms of the scene, and give coolness and freshness to the shores, which render them, during the summer season, a most delightful retreat. The Islands of Brickeen and Dinis differ from the peninsula, in being less elevated above the water. Both are thickly covered with trees, above the tops of which are seen, at a short distance, the hanging forests of Glena; the whole forming a sylvan scene seldom equalled in richness and variety. Tore Lake may be entered by the passage under Brickeen Bridge, or by coasting round Dinis Island and following the course of the river, which flows into Glena bay. After surveying the beauties of its islands, and exploring the windings of its shores, new and romantic passages open to view, which lead to other and still more inviting scenes than those which have already engaged the delighted eye.



LEGEND OF THE LADY'S LEAP.

IN days bygone a lovely maiden dwelt in one of the glens of Glena. The only daughter of a king, fair and pure as a lily, and soft-voiced as a dove, she was the heart's desire of the princes of Erin. But her love was not for them; her heart was given to the great O'Donoghue. On the morning of a sunny May-day she sat on the mountain side, and called him to come to her. As she spoke the silver shoes of his steed flashed across the lake, and brought him to her side. He dismounted, and knelt before her, and the strong forest trees and the tender wild-flowers alike bent low in homage to their lord. The water-king, enraptured by her beauty, returned the love of the child of earth, and promised if she remained faithful to him for seven years, and met him alone on six May mornings at the same spot, that on the seventh he would bear her away to be queen of his palace in the lake. True to her troth, on six May mornings, while the dew still sparkled on the grass, she met her royal lover, and held sweet converse with him. The seventh morning came, and the lady, arrayed in a snow-white robe, and crowned with a wreath of lilies, repaired to the trysting-place. The bridegroom was waiting to receive her, and his horse's hoofs pawed the water in impatience. As she drew near he stood in his stirrups, and held out his arms. Giving one last fond look back, she waved a farewell to her old home, and sprang to his embrace. Away galloped the steed across the waves, the attendants and the music following, and in a moment the new queen of the lake palace was hidden from mortal eye.

The spot from which the maiden sprang is still pointed out to the tourist as "the Lady's Leap."





VIEW FROM INNISFALLEN.





VIEW FROM INNISFALLEN.



THE Island of Innisfallen is in extent about twenty-one acres, and contains a small banquetting-house and the ruins of an abbey, founded in 600; the former being a restored part of an ancient oratory. There the Annals of Innisfallen were composed. These Annals, which were written and preserved in the abbey, are amongst the most prized of early historic materials. Several copies are still extant. The original, the first portion of which is written over 600, and the continuation over 500 years, is now preserved in the Bodleian Library.

Innisfallen receives from all travellers the distinction of being the most beautiful, as it is certainly the most interesting, of the Lake Islands; its peculiar beauty is derived from the alternating hill and dale within its small circle, the elegance of its miniature creeks and harbours, and the extraordinary size as well as luxuriance of its evergreens.

From the paths which meander along the diversified outline of this interesting island the most lovely and ever-changing views are obtained, by the varied surface, and the alternation of the forest glades and thickets. From these delightful openings the lofty peaks of the distant Tomies and Glena, with the misty summits of the Purple Mountains—which form the southern boundary of this Lake—are distinctly seen; while between the dark stems of the trees glimpses are caught of the sparkling waters below and the more distant sunny shores. From its situation, variety, beauty of surface, and its magnificent trees and shrubs, this Island is one of the most interesting of the numerous objects which this region of wonder and beauty affords.



LEGEND OF CLOUGH-NA-CUDDY.

IN Lord Kenmare's park there stands a stone called Clough-na-Cuddy. In this stone there are two deep and almost circular hollows, which tradition says were made by the knees of a friar who knelt upon it for two hundred years. One version of the tale tells of a jovial monk who, overcome by wine, fell asleep at prayers, and was transfixed until two centuries had passed. The other, and more beautiful, narrates how the holy abbot of the Augustines at Innisfallen, while praying in the abbey garden in the early morning, and imploring that he might be brought nearer to heaven in his walk on earth, heard a little bird sing, and its song was so sweet that he arose and followed it. And the farther he followed it the sweeter became its song, until it seemed as if the notes came from heaven; and the good father felt that he could have listened to it for ever, but deeming that vesper time drew near, he tore himself away, and returned to the abbey. Strange faces greeted him, and in a strange language was he addressed. At length the monks remembered having heard the story of the good abbot who had disappeared two hundred years before, and told him how the Saxon ruled in the land. Then he felt that his hour was come, and craved absolution, and the same night the good man died. After a time the monks found the stone marked by his knees, and knew that his prayer had been answered, and that in a trance he had on earth listened to the music of heaven until the time was accomplished that he should hear it in all its sweetness and beauty.





MUCKROSS ABBEY.

MUCKROSS ABBEY.

THE enchanting ruin of Muckross Abbey consists of part of the convent and church ; it is remarkable for its preservation, seclusion, beauty of situation, and accompanying venerable trees, which render it one of the most interesting abbey ruins in Ireland.

The entire length of the church is about 100 feet, its breadth 24. In the centre of the still beautiful cloister an aged yew tree lifts its massive trunk of ten feet in girth thirteen feet high, throws its fantastic arms across the broken parapet, and by its sombre shade adds to the prevailing gloominess of the scene. The dormitories, the kitchen, the refectory, the cellars, the infirmary, and other chambers are still in a state of comparative preservation ; the upper rooms are unroofed, and the coarse grass grows abundantly among them. The cloister, which consists of twenty-two arches—ten of them semi-circular and twelve pointed—is the best preserved portion of the Abbey. Several of the Kings of Munster are said to be buried here, and in the centre of the choir is the vault of the MacCarthys, princes of Desmond, marked by a rudely-sculptured monument.

The deme-ne of Muckross Abbey, the beautiful seat of Mr. Herbert, embraces the peninsula which separates the Lower and Middle Lakes, stretches also along the southern shores of the latter, and includes Tore Mountain and Waterfall. A fine mansion, in the Elizabethan style, has been erected, and other corresponding improvements effected. This seat possesses such natural capabilities, such extent and combinations of wood, water, and mountain, as are no where else to be met with.

LEGEND OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.

ONCE upon a time there lived near Slieve Loughrea a rich farmer, named Croohoore Bawn, who had a son called Shawn Bawn a-Croohoore. Shawn being a clever lad, gained the good graces of his uncle, the priest, who sent him to Rome, that he too might be trained to the cassock and cowl. By his diligence and aptitude he soon surpassed his fellow-students, and they, through jealousy, resolved to work his ruin. For long they tried in vain, but Shawn having incautiously applied the proverb, "If you wish to live long don't shave on a Monday," to a fellow-student, the saying was reported to the abbot as an instance of superstitiousness. As a penance he was ordered to return to his native country, and travel till he came to a place called Skeheen-a-Vibo, and there to build an abbey; but he was not to ask any one where this place was situated. Far and near did poor Shawn journey, until he almost despaired of ever finding his desired rest. At length, while sitting weary and footsore at the base of Mangerton mountain, he overheard one little girl ask another if she had seen her goats. Her comrade replied that they were at Skeheen-a-Vibo. Shawn, overjoyed, sprang up, followed the little girl, and began to build an abbey where she had found the errant goats. Demon hands, however, tore down during the night what he built in the daytime, until in despair he abandoned the undertaking. That very night the angels of light attacked the angels of darkness, and having routed them, began to build the abbey. Ere the morning it was finished, with the exception of a small portion of the tower. When Shawn beheld the work he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the good angels fled. He, however, finished the work, gathered his friars around him, and reigned for many years as the first abbot of Muckross Abbey.





ROSS CASTLE.

ROSS CASTLE.

ROSS ISLAND, or rather peninsula, contains about 158 statute acres, and is connected with the mainland by a bridge and causeway. In summer the morass over which the bridge and causeway are formed is dry, but in winter Ross is isolated. On this Island, near the shore, stands Ross Castle, which held out so obstinately, under Lord Muskery, in 1652 against the English, commanded by General Ludlow. The surrender of this Castle terminated hostilities in Munster, and induced about 5,000 Irish to lay down their arms. The conditions of the treaty of Ross Castle were accurately fulfilled by Parliament, by which Lord Broghill was granted £1,000 yearly out of the estates of Lord Muskery.

The Castle was built by the family of O'Donohoe Ross, whose successors resided here for nearly three centuries afterwards. Many wild legends are related of this family, the most remarkable attributing to one of its chiefs a septennial return to earth, when he drives his milk-white steeds over the lake at sunrise; his Castle being restored by enchantment as he reaches it, but only until the sun appears above the woods.

Ross Castle is now an important ruin. Standing upon a rock, it consists of a lofty square building, with embattled parapets, formerly enclosed by a curtain wall, having round flankers at each corner, the ruins of which are yet visible. The interior possesses some well-proportioned apartments, and from the battlements may be had most extensive views of the Lower Lake, Mangerton, Tore, Glena, the Tomies, the Reeks, and all the surrounding scenery.

LEGEND OF ROSS CASTLE.

LOSE by Ross Castle there are several large and peculiarly-shaped stones, either in the lake or lying on the beach, which are pointed out to the tourist as O'Donoghue's Horse, O'Donoghue's Table, and O'Donoghue's Library.

Various stories are told as to the manner of the disappearance of this chieftain from the earth, and, of these, the Legend of Ross Castle is one. During his residence here it is said that O'Donoghue, finding himself becoming old, resolved by enchantment to renew his youth. He accordingly ascended to an upper room, and remained in seclusion studying his black book of mysteries for seven weeks. At the end of that time he called his wife, and informed her of his project. He told her that she must cut him in pieces, and place his remains in a tub, and that at the end of seven weeks she would find him restored to youth, but no bigger than a child. To test her fortitude he asked her to remain while he read some passages from his book, but, whatever appeared, on no account to cry out. He began, and many dreadful apparitions passed before her, strange noises were heard, and the castle rocked to and fro; but she moved not. At last she saw the dead body of her child lying on the table, and then giving a loud shriek, sprang forward. At the same instant the walls shook to their foundations, and O'Donoghue disappeared through the open window, and vanished in the lake. Simultaneously his horse, table, and library were carried away, and, being changed into stone remained as monuments of the event to this day.





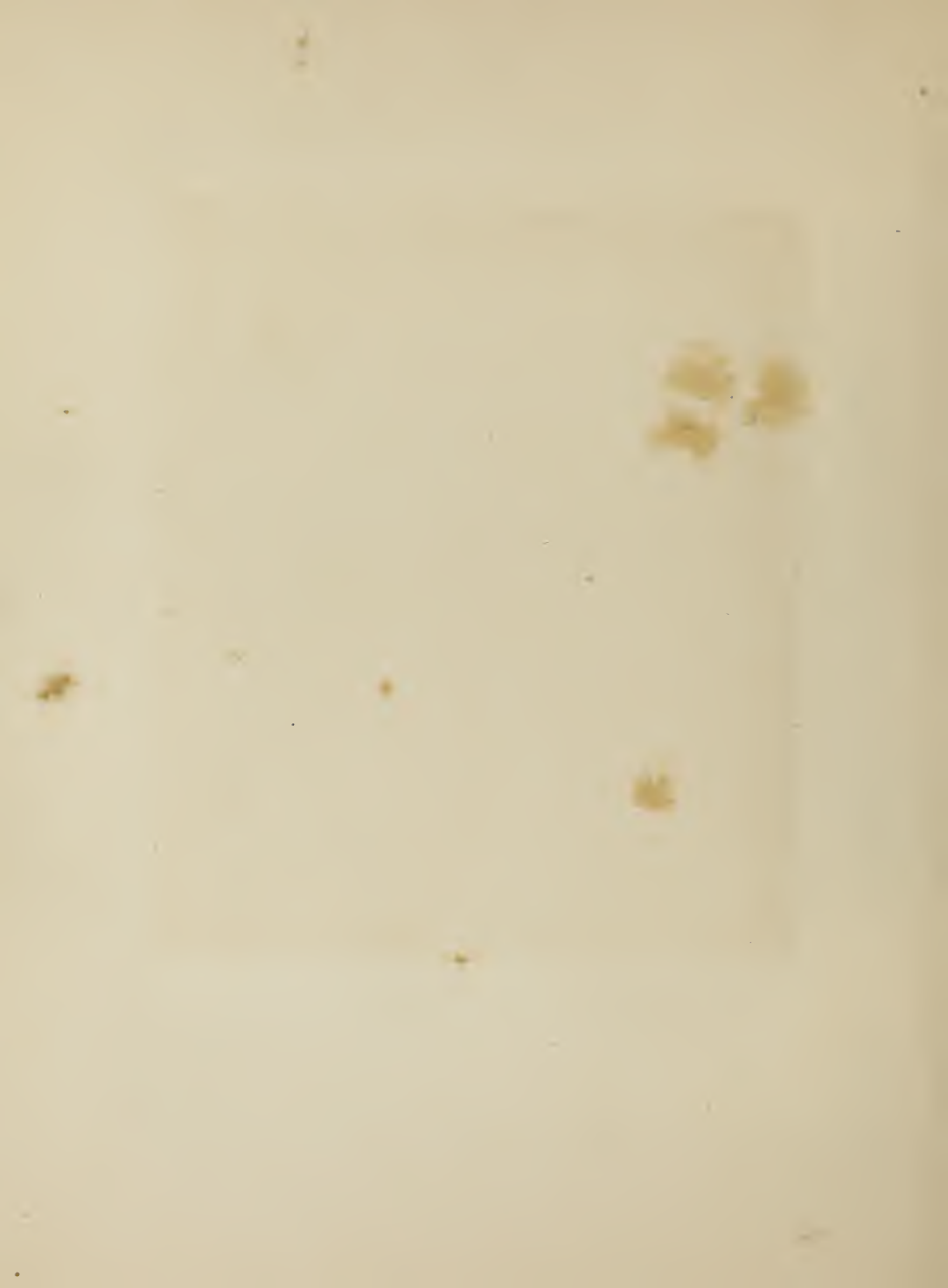
TORC CASCADE.

TORC CASCADE.

THIS beautiful Cascade is in a rocky chasm lying between Torc Mountain and Mangerton, and is supplied by two streams issuing from the sides of the latter, which unite a little above the Fall. The larger of these streams carries down the surplus waters from the Devil's Punch Bowl, a small oval-shaped lough, the area of which is about two acres, and its level above the Lower Lake 1,140 feet. The cataract falls over a broken ledge of rocks sixty feet in height, and after heavy falls of rain, or during the winter months, when the volume of water is great, the effect is very striking. Though even in the most arid seasons it is beautiful; the white foam breaking over high rocks, casting the spray to inconceivable distances—rushing and brawling along its course, scattering its influences among the long green ferns, and giving such prodigious vigour to the wild vegetation which it nourishes. The water descends in a broad sheet, the first fall being of considerable width; the passage is then narrow, and another fall occurs; then follow a succession of falls, all rushing and foaming against the mountain sides; and, indeed, almost from the base of the Great Fall until it reaches Torc Lake the river goes leaping from one rock to another. From the basin at the bottom of the fall it hurries impetuously along its rocky bed, and after a rapid course of half a mile, it mingles its waters with those of the Lake. The steep sides of the chasm are richly clothed with fir and pine trees of various kinds, which, in common with all the trees of a similar growth around, were planted by the late Colonel Herbert. From its proximity to the road and to Muckross, this romantically-situated and highly picturesque Cascade is much visited and universally admired.

LEGEND OF TORC CASCADE.

WHEN Ireland was the home of enchantment there lived at Cloughereen a farmer, named Larry Hayes. Larry had been prosperous, but ruin stared him in the face; for every morning some of his cattle were found dead or sorely wounded. He believed that the mischief was done by the "good people," and resolved to watch. One night he accordingly chose what he considered a safe position, and waited. Nothing appeared, till suddenly a tall man stood beside him. Larry was afraid, but addressed him. In the midst of their conversation the man disappeared, and a wolf stood before him. Larry was more frightened than ever. He crossed himself, and demanded who he was, and where the strange man had gone. The wolf replied that he was the man, and the unwilling destroyer of his flocks, and ordered him to follow him fearing nothing. When they came to the rock down which Torc Cascade now dashes, the wolf opened a door in it, and ushered Larry into a beautiful apartment, where he was changed from a wolf into a handsome young man. He regaled him heartily, and having showed him great stores of gold gave him a big bagful, and invited him to return. He also told him that if for seven years he kept secret what he had seen, his fortune would be made; but that if he mentioned it destruction would come upon them both. Larry promised secrecy, and went home. But his wife was curious, and having followed him one night, saw him go into the rock. When he came out she wormed the secret from him. At the same moment the wolf appeared in a flame of fire, and plunged into the lake, and the waters, bursting from the Punchbowl, foamed over the rock. Larry died in poverty, and no one has since seen the cave of gold.





O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.

O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.

IN sailing across from Innisfallen to the Tomies, a little bay is perceived, where there is a small quay of rude workmanship, completely characteristic of the scene; on landing, a rugged pathway along the banks of a mountain rivulet, and winding through an almost impenetrable forest, conducts to the waterfall called O'Sullivan's Cascade. The noise of the stream falling from rock to rock kindles expectation, and the waterfall, which retires far into the deep bosom of a wooded glen, and of which you cannot even catch a glimpse, bursts at once upon the view.

“The ungovernable torrent, loud and strong,
In thunder roaring as it dashed along,
Leaping with speed infuriate wildly down
Where rocks grotesque in massive grandeur frown.
With ocean strength it rushes on its way,
'Mid hoary clouds of everlasting spray,
To its rock basin, with tremendous roar,
The brown hills trembling round the wizard shore.”

The stream throws itself over the face of a perpendicular rock into a basin concealed from the spectator's view; from this basin it forces itself impetuously between two rocks into another reservoir. This second reservoir is of considerable height, but the third is the most striking in appearance. Each of these basins being large, there appears a space of several yards between the three falls. Beneath a projecting rock overhanging the lowest basin is a grotto, with a seat, rudely cut in the rock. From this little grotto the view of the Cascade is particularly beautiful and striking; it appears a continued flight of three unequally elevated foaming stages. The recess is encompassed by rocks, and overshadowed by an arch of foliage so thick as to intercept the admission of light. The height of the Cascade is about seventy feet, and the body of water is considerable.



LEGEND OF O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.

O'SULLIVAN of Toomies was hunting the red deer upon the mountains one day, and was sorely athirst. Just as he was sighing for some cooling draught a magnificent stag, with a broad collar of gold round its neck, bounded past him. Weary and worn as he was, he called his dogs together, and started after it. Over moor and mountain did the stag lead him, but O'Sullivan followed after it, determined to make it a prize. At length, when it came to where O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl is now, it vanished. He looked for it high and low, but no stag could be seen, and the dogs were at fault also. At last he gave up the chase, and was turning his face homeward, when he heard a voice behind him say—"Come back, O'Sullivan!" and turning round he saw Fuan Mac Cool. O'Sullivan was frightened, but with a show of boldness replied—"What do you want with me?" "Why were you hunting my stag?" said Fuan. "Had it been any one but you my vengeance would have been on him. But as you are a brave man, and have been led a long chase, I shall provide you with a drink, but never hunt my stag again." So saying, he stamped with his foot, and in the hollow thus made a little lake sprang up, and the clear liquid from it rushed over the rocks in a cascade. O'Sullivan stooped down and drank of it, and lo! it was real whisky punch! And real whisky punch it continued to run until the Sassenachs came into the country, when it changed to cold water, which every body knows is a tasteless, comfortless beverage.





THE PURPLE MOUNTAINS.

THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN.

THE Purple Mountain, which lies between the Lower and Upper Lakes, is so denominated from the purple hue it possesses seen from almost any quarter, and under any modification of light; it is 2,739 feet above the level of the sea. Although one of our commonest heaths—the *Erica cinerea*—covers a considerable extent of the mountain side, and when in flower no doubt augments the purple hue, yet the permanent colour of the mountain arises from the rock of which it is composed. The charms of landscape are, in almost every instance, highland, by the glowing tints and by the lengthened shadows which are diffused over the face of nature by the setting sun; but the scenes of the Lower Lake, and especially those which are commanded from the hills, appear to so much greater advantage



“When many-colouring eve
Sinks behind the purple woods and hills,”

that the object which had been a source of delight in their sombre livery, can with difficulty be recognized for the same in the splendour of their new attire. Before the sun has ascended to his meridian height, the mountains bordering upon the Lower Lake are left in shadow; their surface then appears tame and unvaried, and their summits, if it be in clear weather, form a hard outline against the azure sky; but as the day declines, the sun imperceptibly glides across the line of the great chain, and darts his rays on that side of the mountain which lies next to the Lake. All their bold irregularities are then revealed—their protruding rocks, their deep glens, and the Lake, by the long gleams which pass athwart its peaceful waves, is illuminated midst its dark and wooded islands.



LEGEND OF THE HOLY HERMIT.

AT the place where Beaufort Bridge now spans the Laun, in former times there was a ford, and close by the ford was the hut of an holy hermit. This recluse had found favour in the sight of heaven, and every morning the angels brought him food. One dark and stormy night the hermit looked from the door of his hut, and said to himself—"This is a wild night," but he forgot to add "Glory be to God!" In the morning the angels did not bring his usual food. Then he recollected his sin, and running to the middle of the ford, he planted his holly stick in the sand, and vowed never to leave the spot until the stick blossomed. A cattle stealer, chancing to pass by, asked why he stood in the middle of the river, and to him he told the story of his sin and of his vow. Stung by remorse, the cattle stealer broke off a holly branch and took his place beside him, swearing the same vow, and promising to restore all his ill-gotten possessions. Immediately his stick thrust out green branches, and the thief passed on his way rejoicing, and knowing that he was forgiven. But the hermit's heart was more filled with shame and grief at the loss of his reputation than with sorrow for his sin, and his stick bloomed not. At last a great flood came, and as the waters grew upon him the hermit's soul was filled with remorse. Then the holly branch sprouted, and as the green branches grew, the floods carried away the forgiven sinner, for he was too weak to reach the shore: and those who chanced to be near saw him snatched from the flood, and borne by angel hands to heaven. The place is still called "the Ford of the Holly-branch," and rarely does a peasant pass it without crossing himself, and murmuring "Glory be to God!"







THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

THE celebrated Gap of Dunloe is a deep, rugged, narrow ravine, of about three miles in length; the cliffs which limit it rising in many places from the bottom to a great height, presenting many wild and striking combinations, and exhibiting vast masses of rock, heaved up and scattered about in the wildest disorder. Among the dissevered rocks, on the ledges and in the crevices of the cliffs, a few trees and shrubs have attained to a considerable size; these, together with the ivy, bramble, brier, and other climbing plants, tend to relieve the sterility of the arid surface, and at the same time contribute to the picturesque. On the right, the Reeks, with their grand-master, Carran Tuel, look down upon the dark glen; while on the left, Tomies and the Purple Mountain

“Lift to the clouds their craggy heads on high,
Crowned with the tiaras fashioned in the sky.

Limited though the Gap of Dunloe comparatively be in its depth and extent, the consideration of the wonderful changes that have taken place on the earth's surface cannot fail to excite emotions of wonder and sublimity.

There are four small, deep, still lakes in the valley of the Gap, whose dark, sullen waters tend to augment the wild character of the scene. These tiny loughs are supplied by the numerous rills that flow down and furrow the western side of the Purple Mountain, and uniting below the Black Lough, the lowest of these mountain turns, flow down to the Laune under the name of the Leo; from which the castle that was built on its confluence, and the dark, gloomy Gap, take their name. In various parts of the Gap the echoes, even from the moderate sounding of the human voice, are clear and remarkable.

LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK AND THE
SERPENT.

OF all the spots around Killarney there is none more likely to have a weird story attached to it than the black and gloomy tarn at the Gap of Dunloe. The deep shadow cast upon it by the neighbouring mountains, added to the darkness of its waters and the sobbing of the waves as they break upon its brink, seem to mark it out as the home of an imprisoned spirit. And such the legends say it is. The peasants tell that when Saint Patrick drove the venomous reptiles into the sea, one great serpent, who inhabited a cave at the Gap, eluded him. This monster continued his depredations, and the good saint was put to his wit's end how to accomplish his destruction. At last he resolved to overcome him by guile. He therefore caused a great chest to be made with nine bolts upon it, and started off to the abode of the reptile, bearing it with him. When the serpent saw St. Patrick and the chest he hissed with rage and fear. The saint spoke him fair, and told him that he had resolved to civilize everything in the country, and that he had, therefore, brought him a nice house to live in. The serpent did not like the look of it, and excused himself, because it was too small. "Too small!" said the saint, "I'll bet you a gallon of porter it's not." His snakeship, having an eye to the porter, swelled himself out, and contrived to coil into it all but the tail. When St. Patrick perceived that, he quickly pulled down the lid, and the snake seeing it coming, whipped in his tail. "Let me out," he cried, "and I'll pay the porter." "I shall—to-morrow," said the saint, and took the chest and cast it into the lake. And there the serpent turns and twists in his imprisonment, and continually moans "Is it to-morrow yet?" which, of course, it never is. Thus was the last serpent destroyed in Ireland.





